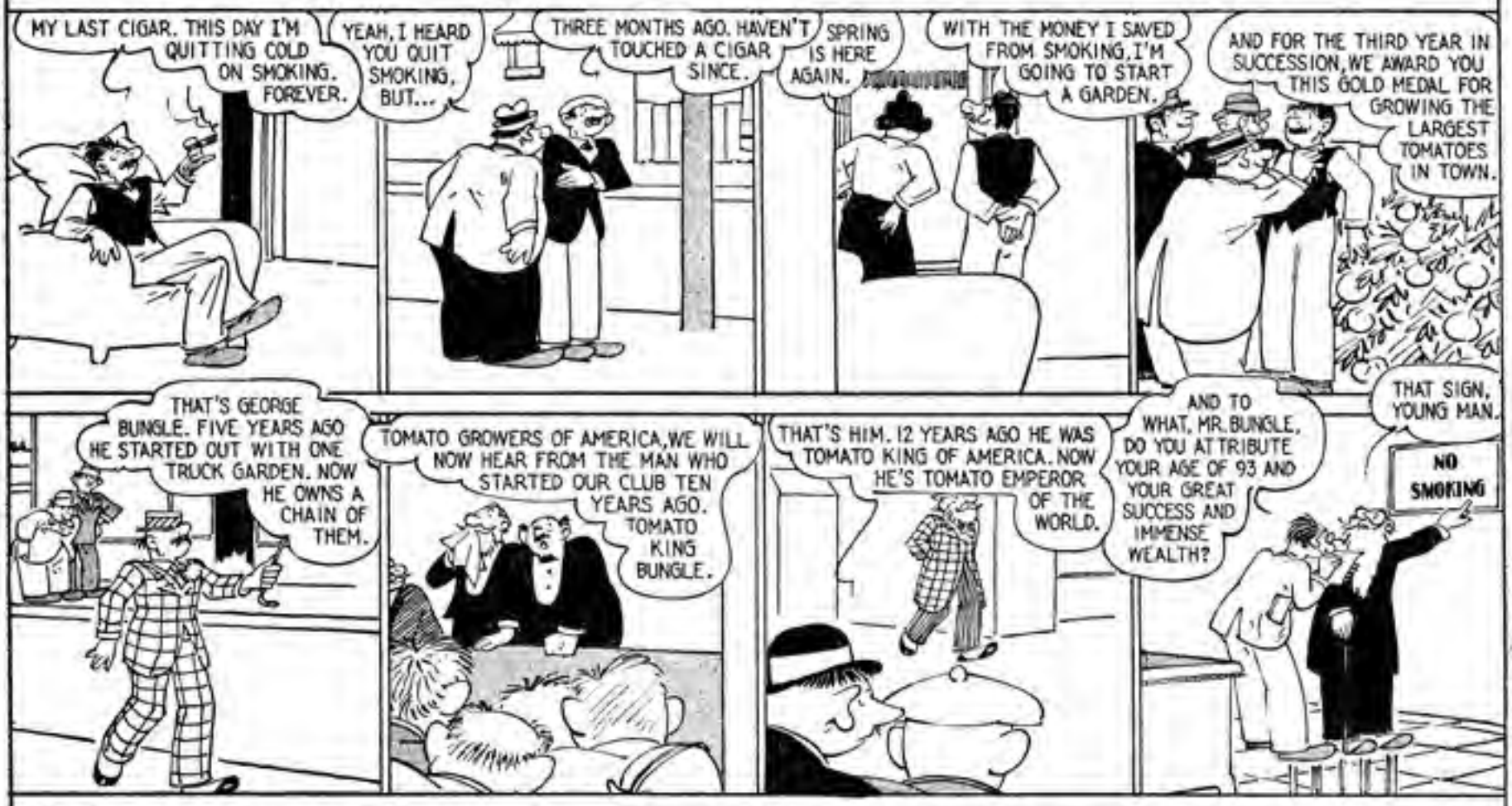
THE BUNGLE FAMILY

By H. J. Tuthill


MY LAST CIGAR. THIS DAY I'M QUITTING COLD ON SMOKING. FOREVER.
YEAH, I HEARD YOU QUIT SMOKING, BUT...
THREE MONTHS AGO. HAVEN'T TOUCHED A CIGAR SINCE.
SPRING IS HERE AGAIN.
WITH THE MONEY I SAVED FROM SMOKING, I'M GOING TO START A GARDEN.
AND FOR THE THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION, WE AWARD YOU THIS GOLD MEDAL FOR GROWING THE LARGEST TOMATOES IN TOWN.
THAT'S GEORGE BUNGLE. FIVE YEARS AGO HE STARTED OUT WITH ONE TRUCK GARDEN. NOW HE OWNS A CHAIN OF THEM.
TOMATO GROWERS OF AMERICA, WE WILL NOW HEAR FROM THE MAN WHO STARTED OUR CLUB TEN YEARS AGO. TOMATO KING BUNGLE.
THAT'S HIM. 12 YEARS AGO HE WAS TOMATO KING OF AMERICA. NOW HE'S TOMATO EMPEROR OF THE WORLD.
AND TO WHAT, MR. BUNGLE, DO YOU ATTRIBUTE YOUR AGE OF 93 AND YOUR GREAT SUCCESS AND IMMENSE WEALTH?
THAT SIGN, YOUNG MAN.
NO SMOKING

CHIEF! STOP THE PRESSES! TOMATO DICTATOR BUNGLE LOST AT SEA ON HIS BILLION DOLLAR YACHT.
EDITOR
YES, GENTLEMEN, WE MOURN MR. BUNGLE, BUT FRANKLY, TOWARD THE LAST HE WAS...WELL, A BIT ODD.
SO WE NEED NOT BE SURPRISED THAT HIS LAST WILL STIPULATES THAT ALL HIS IMMENSE WEALTH, HERE ON THE TABLE, BE BURNED.
HAS ANYBODY GOT A MATCH..? THANK YOU. I SHALL NOW LIGHT THE BUNGLE ESTATE, AND..

HEY!
DON'T..
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GEORGE. THE IDEA. FALLING ASLEEP. LETTING THAT CIGAR SET FIRE TO MY GOOD RUG.
WHOOIE! WHAT A DREAM.
I NEED SOMETHING TO QUIET MY NERVES. AH, JUST THE THING. A FRESH CIGAR.
WOW! WHAT A DIZZY DREAM. BUT MAYBE IT WAS A WARNING. ANYHOW, IF ANYBODY BURNS UP MY MONEY IT'LL BE ME. AH, THIS CIGAR. SWEET.

SHORT STORIES

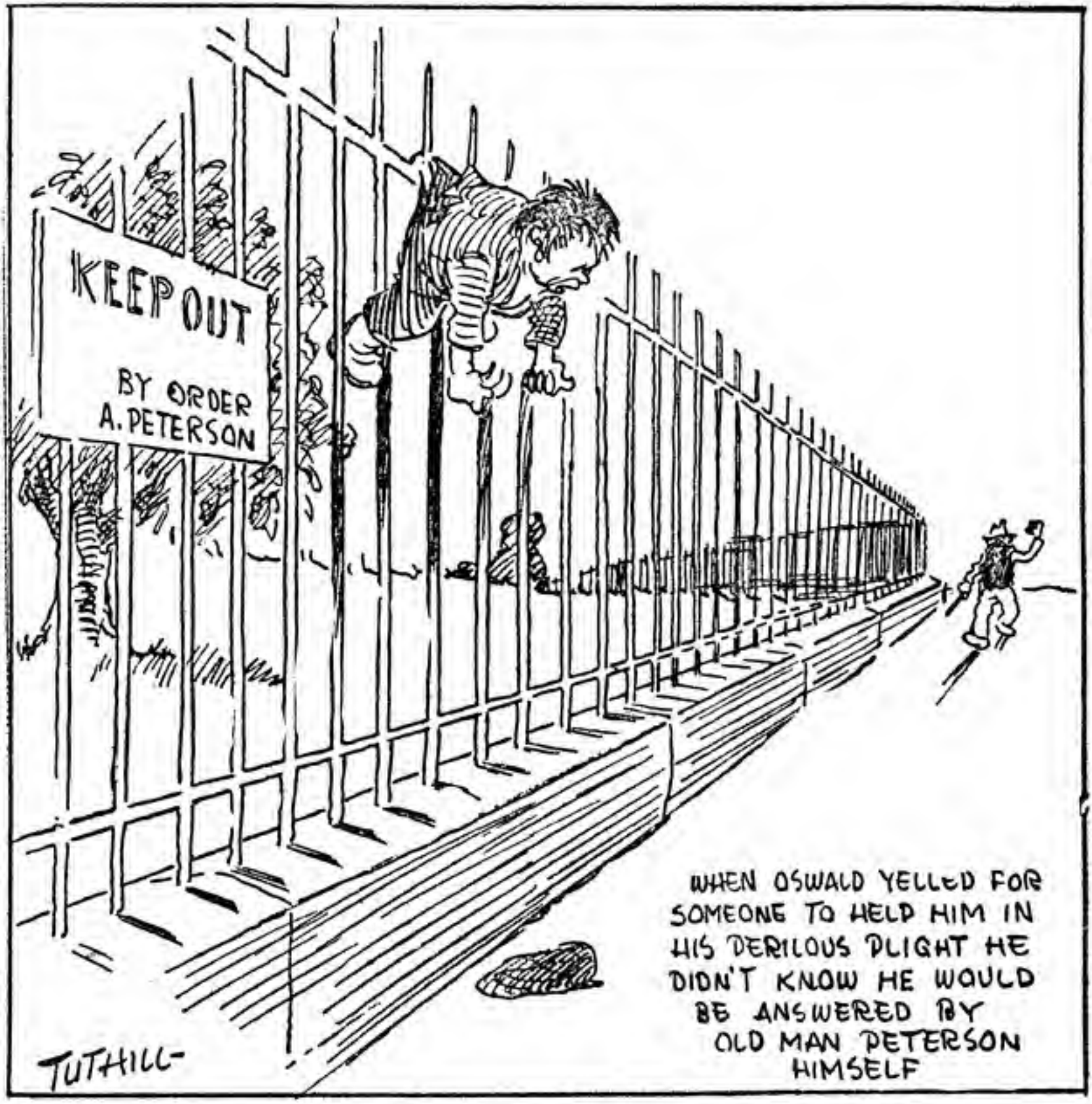
By H. J. Tuthill

WHAT A HAPPY NEW YEARS. I WONDER WHO ALL WILL SEND ME GREETING CARDS.
AH, THE DOORBELL.
ALL FOR ME?
YEP. ALL OF 'EM.
WHAT! EVERY ONE OF THEM A BILL FROM CHRISTMAS!

Scaring Him Down.

By Tuthill

The Springtime of Life


KEEP OUT
BY ORDER
A. PETERSON
TUTHILL-
WHEN OSWALD YELLED FOR SOMEONE TO HELP HIM IN HIS PERILOUS PLIGHT HE DIDN'T KNOW HE WOULD BE ANSWERED BY OLD MAN PETERSON HIMSELF